THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1371.

Original Poetry.

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

TO L. . . .

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I'll think of thee, then beautiful!
When first I may descry
The light grey tints of morning heral
Along the eastern sky
And when the golden orb of day
In splendour shall appear,
I'll think of thee, then beautiful!
In memory so dear

I'll think of thee, then beautiful!
When the departing day
Reflects upon the mountain's top
The sun's last lingering ray;
And when the calm and holy hour
Of twilight draweth near,
I'll think of thee, then beautiful!
In memory so dear

I'll think of thee, then beautiful!
When evening veils the sky,
And stars shed forth their softest rays
Around us from on high.
When sweet and magic stillness reigns
Over nature far and near,
I'll think of thee, then beautiful!
In memory so dear

I'll think of thee, then beautiful!
When midnight's hush is on glens,
And Nature sleeps in its peaceful mood
Over mellows on rejoice
And when I lay me down to rest
I'll breathe a prayer sincere,
Or, that, for thee, then beautiful,
May heaven watch over thee.

Rappahannock Co. Va. LINDEN.

TO VIRTUE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY M. SHUELEY.

Thy flowers are bloom'd—offspring of love—
Fair Daughter of the sweet Queen Peace!
That treasure with eternal light,
And shed forth its radiance so pure!
Let not our feet find the barren pleasure
Sweet possession of Misfortune's bower
Of sorrow and of pain—but let us find
Around my way—and in the dwelling
Of those, be born in those alone
Make, ever under us bear the flowers
That when shall about our life's to crown,
I may by thee be borne to Heaven!

Original Tales.

BERTHA BARNWELL:
OR, A DREAM OF LITERARY FAME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MARY NOEL M'DONALD.

"Oh! how are blood—offspring of love—
Fair Daughter of the sweet Queen Peace!
That treasure with eternal light,
And shed forth its radiance so pure!
Let not our feet find the barren pleasure
Sweet possession of Misfortune's bower
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Humph, I don't think much of that," soliloquized the old gentleman aloud.

"No, it isn't *specially* pretty," said Mrs. Barnwell, "but may-be it grows prettier towards the end. Go on, Mary."

Mary went on, but the lines decreased in merit with each succeeding stanza, till Walter fairly laughed aloud, declaring he could write better poetry himself, though he had never tried.

Bertha Barnwell could bake and brew, and, as we have said, do all kind of useful things, but there was one in which she was no adept, she could not flatter. Here was the end of her bright dream of fame, and the lines over which she had spent so many hours, copied and re-copied—read and re-read, till words and violets were mingled with her nightly visions—darkly enlarged, absolutely laughed at—and by the very persons, too, whom she most wished to gratify; whose praises would have given her more delight than any other earthly blessing, and forgetting in her extreme chagrin, that this precious handling of her brain was to appear irrevocable—she seized, while her eyes filled and her cheeks flushed—

"Oh! it isn't fair to laugh at them!"

"No! fair! Why, Bertha, are you going to stand up for the poetess?" asked her father.

"No, sir," said Bertha, trying to recover herself, "but I mean that—that it wasn't quite right to judge so harshly."

"My dear, we may say what we please, you know, since the lady is not here to be disturbed by it," said Mrs. Barnwell in a tone half expostulation, half apology.

"Certainly," said Walter Arden, "what's in the newspaper is public property all the world over, like a man in the gallery, at whom everybody has a throw an addled egg that chooses; so here goes one at the country girl and her verses," and tearing open his sister's shoulder, he read aloud with the nasal twang of a Connecticut school-master.

"Sweet flower that open'st
That sweetest fragrance, don't ye?"

"Yes," said Mary, laughing.

"Thy gentle eye," what part of a flower is the eye, I wonder,"

"Never mind," said Mary, still laughing, "it's poetry, you know."

"And sweeter sigh," continued Walter, in the same tone, but Bertha could stand it no longer, and hastily snatching the paper from Mary, she tore it into several pieces, and then, as a memento, grasped them tightly in her hand, and suddenly ran out of the room, to the utter astonishment of every one present.

She wrote them herself, I do believe," exclaimed Mary. "I am sure of it, for those lines goes down the garden, with her handkerchief at her eyes. Poor Bertha—"

"Well, she's not much faith," cried Walter, starting up, "but I'll go and ask her pardon this minute," and he, too, ran out of the room, and down the garden path, after Mary and Mrs. Barnwell.

Bertha was sitting on a rustic seat, at the bottom of the garden, with her handkerchief at her eyes. Poor Bertha—

"My dear, we may say what we please, you know, since the lady is not here to be disturbed by it," said Mrs. Barnwell in a tone half expostulation, half apology.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1847.

TERMS.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS

As the Post Office regulation relative to Drafts, has been repealed, subscribers will have to resort to the old mode of forwarding current funds direct to us. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENIGMA.—"Enigma is very good, and thankfully accepted—we have not the facilities now, however, to make such an arrangement as he requests. We shall be pleased to hear from him often.

D. L. R. "What's the Use?" and "The Soldier's Grave of Columbia," are accepted—shall appear in our next particularly the *morsel* of the first mentioned. We will do as desired in the other respect.

ARGENTUS.—"We'll Meet Again." *The Mosquito Hunt.*

To Miss R. J. Our friend must excuse us—she is a little too personal. If he will send us the full name of his lady-love, we will indorse his verses to her Dulcinea (would make her fewer *pittyful* to receive them.

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT. This poem is respectfully declined.

A SARATOGA BARD. This poem is thankfully accepted. There are many fine passages in it, though a construction error in the fifth line "*none*" should be altered before publication to the Heather longer one. We must decline publishing our friend's suggestion. It is plausible, but we *fear* want to lose what narrow Heather himself can make.

HIDDEN GREATNESS.

Mr. J. C. Breckenridge, in a sketch of Gen. Taylor's life, written in 1820, speaks of him as follows:

With a frame fitted for the most active and hardy enterprises, an ardent spirit, a sanguine temper, and an intrinsic courage, gifted with a rapid discernment, a discriminating judgment, and a deep knowledge of mankind, and possessing a heart susceptible of the most generous impulses of humanity, we regard Major Taylor as an officer of peculiar promise, and hazard, we think, but little in the prediction that, in the event of war at our darkest period between the United States and England or Spain leading on the tide of military glory, he will find his true level at the head of the army."

There are but few men gifted with sufficient insight into character, to perceive the human grain in the obscure mayor, and the predictions of the gifted few are generally laughed at and ridiculed by those that hear them. For in nine cases out of ten such predictions are not fulfilled, because the peculiar circumstances necessary to develope the talent of these great unknowns, do not arise. For in stance, Taylor probably would have died unheard of by the great mass of his countrymen, had the peaceable relations between this country and Mexico remained undisturbed. And yet he would have been equally great, even if no opportunities had been afforded him to develope his genius on a conspicuous theatre

For as it has been often observed by philosophers, the truly great man is always willing to be the intelligencer man. Truly great men are not those who are perpetually soliciting offices of great trust and honor. They are the farthest removed in the world from your mountebanks of office seekers —men who are determined "to serve the people," even against common sense. Washington, Taylor, Tom Washington does not intrigue to be appointed commander-in-chief—on the contrary, in the sublime modesty and simplicity of his nature, he has rather thought of himself as a candidate for so high and all important an office. But if he does accept it, he will do it "in the high Roman fashion." He will accept no pecuniary reward, on the one side, he will act independently, and in scorn of the plaudits of little parties and cliques, on the other. Your Taylor also does not intrigue for the chief command, candidly and honestly confesses his ignorance upon many disputed questions, modestly doubts his ability to fill the Presidential chair, plainly shows that it will not break his heart if he does not get it, and evidently looks forward to the shades of private life at the close of the war, with that calm and serene complexity characteristic of all genuine greatness.

It has been said that greater men have lived and died in every nation, than those whose names are recorded on its list of fame. And though this may not be true to the full extent of the assertion, that there is much truth in it we have no doubt. For perhaps every man has met with comparatively obscure individuals in his passage through life, who have impressed him more than the most famous public characters—men who if they had been a degree less great, would have aspired to high office or honor and trust, and won them. But in the genuine nobleness of their character, such great souls look out from their unsecurity upon the heartbought for power and fame going on in the world with a quiet smile at its emptiness and folly, a pity even look upon the wearily contested garter of nobility. Great emergencies alone bring out men to light. Civil and religious rights are measured, and a plain country gentleman, John Hampden by name, flags forward at the all important moment, and proves himself the greatest man, and the chief pillar of civil liberty in England. Then comes the war between king and people, and Oliver Cromwell, a simple farmer, envelopes a military genius and an executive faculty in general, surpassing those of all other men of his time. Had not the liberties of England been in danger, the name of John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell, would never have been known beyond the little circle of their relatives and personal friends. And have we not a right to conclude, from such facts, that many a man as great as Cromwell, and more just and good, has gentleness unknown to the mass of his countrymen, and let name rest forgotten by his own posterity? Yes, the poet was strewing only "the words of truth and soberness," when on his musings upon the silent inhabitants of the village church-yard, he said:

Some village Hampden, who with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest.

Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

no well not conclude the verse, for it implies that Oliver Cromwell was one "guiltless of his country's blood;" a view of the subject which we hold to be false, and unworthy the lips of men who owe, in a great degree, the very liberty they now enjoy, to the sword of Cromwell.

AMERICAN TEA.

We learn by a communication in the Union, that the Hon. James Buchanan, Secretary of State, has recently received a package of tea, grown in Russia, from our consul at St. Catharine's. The leaf is something larger and darker than the Chinese tea; the flavor is strong and excellent, but resembles the best specimens from China. When prepared, it strongly assimilates the mixture of black and green tea, no more—indeed, almost exclusively so—from China, the greatest tea-drinking country in the world. The tea plant was first introduced into Brazil by King John, of Portugal.

The district of St. Paul's, where there are severe fronts, is found best adapted to its growth, and most of the tea found in the Brazilian markets from that quarter. So sure are its cultivation and preparation, that most families in the interior grow and prepare their own tea, and an every grocery in Rio de Janeiro and the other Brazilian towns, may be seen, in large letters, "*Che Russo colonio*," or Brazilian tea for sale.

The writer of the communication states that the successful cultivation of the plant in the United States, may be looked upon as a matter of certainty, as a climate exists in the States of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, extending one degree south of the Rio Grande, precisely similar to the climate of the tea growing district of China. We hope he is right in his calculations, and that before many years, our Southern brethren may "astonish the natives," by exporting tea to China, to say nothing of Great Britain and the rest of the world.

THE OLDEN TIME.

In glancing over a recent number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, we were struck with an article giving an account of the intemperate habits of even the better portions of society, in the last century; some portions of which we thought might prove interesting to our readers. The article in question is a pretty much made up of anecdotes, which afford some indirectos exhibitants of that state of mind which is well described by the phrase "wine in the wit out"—and yet it is remarkable to see to how great an extent the deep potation, and frantic excesses of our forefathers, were compatible with the acquisition of great knowledge and the exercise of mental judgment. For example, a famous scholar named Hay, who became a judge under the designation of Lord Newton, was equally remarkable as a hard drinker, and as a learned man. He considered himself as only the better fitted for business, that he had previously imbibed six bottles of claret; and one of his sayings was, that "wine in the paper his lordship ever dictated, was done after a debauch where that amount of liquor had fallen to his share. A story is told of him, that he was sitting upon him one day at four o'clock, unexpectedly found him at dinner; surprised at this, he said to the servant that he had understood *Rex* to be Mr. Hay's dinner hour. "Oh, but, sir," said the man, "he is now yesterday's dinner." In addition to the above, we are informed that Blackstone wrote his "Commentaries" over port, and Sheridan his plays over a bottle.

But, although instances of the combination of great learning, talent and industry, with great intemperance in drinking habits, were much more numerous than in this temperance age would be supposed; still, there are abundant proofs, that wine was by no means the source of wit in the past, as it has been the experience of the present day to find it. Thus we see it related of a number of eleven but once convivial parties, that, having on a five time wine and cards on a Saturday evening, they were exhausted and ill in mind, body and purse, and passed before they thought of separating. Unless they are greatly relished, the people passing along the street were gathering, on their way to Church, were perplexed by seeing a door open, and three gentlemen issue forth, all the disorder to be expected after a night of carousing. One, while adjusting his dressing-gown, held the door in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, by way of showing them out!

A good anecdote is also told, which is said to be the subject of a picture by Hogarth, having occurred with a great northern house, who had one night a merry-meeting in a tavern near the Cross, where they sat till a late hour. On breaking up to retire to the street, they scarcely remembered where they were; but as it was good moonlight, they found little difficulty in walking along till they came to the Tron Church. Here, however, an obstacle occurred. The moon, shining high in the south, threw the shadow of the church directly across the street from the one side to the other; and the fellows, being no more clear-sighted than they were clear-headed, mistook this for a broad and rapid river, which they would require to cross before making their way. In the distance, they sat down upon the brink of the imaginary stream, deliberately took off their shoes and stockings, and then, with their breeches tucked up, waded through to the opposite side; after which, resuming their shoes and stockings, they went on their way rejoicing!

This anecdote proves what might have been reasonably inferred, that the ladies also had their convivial meetings and excesses; and we are told that though, in the olden time, it was a disgrace for ladies to be unwell, and if was none to be a *lady* exclusively in good company.

"Then was the time," says our reviewer, "when men, always so ravishing in its influence, would yet hold kill themselves with bumpers, in order, as the phrase went, to cure them. The gentleman would give out the name of some lady as the most beautiful object in creation, and, by way of showing what he said, drink one bumper. Another champion would then enter the field, and offer to prove that a rare red was either lady, whom he named, was a great deal more beautiful than she just mentioned—supporting his assertion by drinking two bumpers. Then the other would rise up, declare this to be false, and, in proof of his original statement, as well as by way of turning the stake upon his opponent, drink off two bumpers on his own account; and so on in geometrical progression, there are instances of their drinking under the table when of course the fair Delia of the survivor was declared the queen supreme of beauty by all present.

The 13th of August in Edinburgh wave shut at eight o'clock; and from that hour till—was the signal from of the Town-Guard announced at once a sort of license for the deluging of the streets with mariners, and warning of the inhabitants to keep their beds—unrestrained orgie was given to the delights of the table. No tradesman thought of going home to his family till after midnight, or at best or two at his club. This was universal and unbridled."

Such is a slight glance at the habits of a century ago. From it we learn that the "good old times" were by no means free from vice and intemperance. And it is well to bring up these pictures of the past occasionally before us, to prove that mankind are rather degenerated since that day, but gone steadily forward in a career of moral as well as of intellectual improvement. For it is the cry of some that while the march of mankind is made in material things, its tendency is backward, in relation to the more important concerns of morality and religion. Mr. Mesmer, the originator of this new science found on the mouths of those who are loud in their praises of the past, a sneer at the spirit of the age, from its old times, and in whom the past is but as a confused dream, than on the lips of him who has an extract from Boston News Letter, touching the manners and customs of a former age.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

From a table in the New York Sun, showing the comparative annual valuations of real and personal estate in the cities of New York and Boston, from 1800 down to 1847, it appears that the real estate of Boston has increased more than 600 per cent, while that of New York, during the same period, from 1800 to 1847, has more nearly recovered itself. On the 1st January, the present point in New York, the valuation has increased $30,000,000, while New York has increased but $21,000,000, or from being equal to one-third of New York, the value of Boston real estate has risen to one-half. The mode of assessment is somewhat different in Boston from what it is in New York, but perhaps not to make a little. At the rate Philadelphia is now going north and north west, the coal regions of Pennsylvania will soon be found in her suburbs, as a rendezvous as it were.

A FINANCIAL CRISIS.

Private letters from Liverpool, and from London and England, by the last steamer, say that the mercantile community are in the midst of commercial difficulties, and expected more yet.

It is rumored that the Bank of England will issue notes of the denomination of one pound sterling. There comes in that the Bank seriously contemplates a suspension—this last rumor, however, we have no faith, though the first may be true. Nothing is certain, that each or the want of faith be in this country, as to the solvency of the leading Banks of the country, and the necessity of a large specie being sent to England on the place of bills. The actual arrest of the steamer is looked forward to with great interest, as to be as a test of the right great question as to the solvency of the Eastern institutions.

AN INCIDENT.

A lady is told by the Washington correspondent of the Pocket Delight, which we merely copy—that He says that the prophesizer made by Mr. Trist, were no more intended than he was authorized to say that the third act of despatches, which arrive reached him, on account of their having been intercepted by the guerillieros. At the date of the negotiations, Gen. Herrera took these intercepted despatches from his pocket, and politely handed them to Mr. Trist, with a smile, while Mr. Trist, considering no purpose, received them with equal politeness.

MR. DEMPSTER.

One of the sweetest vocalists in all America, is Dempster, the ballad singer. We have heard many vocalists in our time, but perhaps upon the whole, inner family, there is none we like so well as Dempster—and no one of the Hutchinsons is equal to him. We have heard most of the fashionable lady vocalists, too, and though we have often had to confess afterwards that they were "*accomplished*," yet we cannot say that they ever pronounced any great degree of pleasure, in seeing them stretch their pretty mouths from ear to ear, in the endeavor to execute a cadence. We are individualists enough to confess that if the kind of singing that is usually heard at fashionable concerts, be not most terribly marred in the making, we have no conception of what music is. Sometimes in fact we are inclined to think that the latter is the case; that we are laboring under a delusion in supposing the birds know how to sing, or that a cat-concert is not the most charming entertainment with which an amateur could be favored. Of one thing, however, we are certain, that if the birds do know how to sing, Mr. Dempster is their chief. He sings to Grant, too, that Mr. ——— dare a voice strong as a bull's, does it follow that he is an admirable vocalist, and that it is the height of good taste to crowd his house at the rate of fifty cents each, night after night, to hear his bellowing?

But we are rapidly getting from our subject, which is Dempster, prince of ballad singers—whose inner harbor is Boston, but who, having on five times, while listening to Tennyson's exquisite ballad of Locksley Hall, in music, by one of the *joyous college* movement, illustrating the happy month of May. Many, through the glamour of the music, in which the discomfort but resigned manifestations of death, to the angel's song, left the room, the glare, and fading "among the stars," and the last floating tone, died on the ear, like a dying echo.

Where the wicked come from trembling and the all was most lovely, and charmingly Mr. Dempster sang it. With this he took leave of his audience, and we left the room, and the hall, under the full spell behind. It is honor to any man only to be the composer of "The May Queen."

Now, reader, we have heard the May Queen, so composed and sung by Dempster, and we can bear witness with a clear conscience, to every solemn word of the above. It went very hard with us, we must confess, to keep the tears in the windows of our eyes; and we generally feel more tempted to laugh than cry at the manner in which affecting songs are rendered. But Dempster has his own inmost soul and the tears of his own heart into the song, and thus it is that it touches the inmost heart, and falls forth the tears of others.

Now the upshot of all this, kind city reader, is that Dempster expects to be in Philadelphia before long, and we want the friends of our own Assessment to give him overflowing houses. We have indeed a selfish motive in this request, for we know when we have seen noisy humbugs of all kinds, but musical ones in particular, patronized by thousands, while the real thing—the genuine article—is not known, and have too much pride to learn, how to get up a sensation, men of rare worth and true genius are overlooked, and we desire to see such cast to ourselves, that so far as we are concerned this shall no longer be. We will not applaud Dempster because he is a Bostonian, but because he is a genius. We will do our part to raise such singers as Dempster to their proper place in the hearts of their countrymen, even though Donkeys of stroke tenderly their own long auricular appendages, and fondamentally say we have "no ear."

THE POTATOES.

The potatoes appear to be in the best way this year—There's something rotten in the state, as Hamlet says. This, in the vicinity of Boston, we are told, is the case to a great extent, and that which when they were dug were supposed to be perfectly sound, have rotted on the hands of purchasers. Potatoes are selling at from fifty cts. to two dollars and upwards a bushel.

In Washington county, Md., while the crop in the aggregate is a good one, on behalf of it is affected by the rot

Correspondence of the New York Evening Mirror.

The potato rot prevails in this neighborhood as extensively, we suppose, as it did in Ireland. Farmers are loosing half of their crops by the rot, because they are not worth digging. A very considerable stench pervades the public streets from the one treads upon a ball it crushes down and the juice of the diseased potatoes flows out. We are told that some kinds of early potatoes have not been affected—even those which have been in the ground until now.

Speaking of potatoes, we learn that a singular case of mortality occurred recently on the farm of Mr. B. Wolford, in Bucks county, in this State. His hogs were confined in the cellar where the potatoes were the same kind of food, rotten potatoes, one night last week, the hogs in two of the pens were taken sick and died in the morning. Those in the other enclosure remained well. The hogs that died lost the use of their limbs at first, and in about three hours afterwards were dead

United States SATURDAY POST.

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FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE NEXT PARLIAMENT.—FEELINGS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.—DEATH OF QUEEN PHILIPPA.—PREPARATIONS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—GREAT FALLING OFF.—CANADA.—RAILWAY SPECULATIONS.—THE BITTER TIMES COMING.—MORSE'S TELEGRAPH.—THE POPE.—PRUSSIA RETARDED.—GOOD TIDINGS.—THE AMERICAN MINISTER.—PROSPECTS OF BUSINESS.—ESTATE OF THE PRINCESS.—THE LAND-SCHEME AND GOSPEL-OAK.—A CATHOLIC HERARCHY IN ENGLAND.—PROSPECTS OF TURKEY.—CORONER'S INQUEST ON FIRES.—LAND-PIRACY.—FEELING AND FASHION CONTRADICTED.—CHARACTERISTICS.

Boston, England, Oct. 9, 1847.

Although politics are excluded in postscript, in my old-mail correspondence, I am sure you will remember that after a General Election, when it has convulsed the kingdom, the Liberal interest will be represented in the Commons by a large majority—thus:

Liberals	370 members.
Conservatives	290 "
Protectionists	40 "
Vacant seats	4 "
	704

The doctrine of "progress" gets ground rapidly, and I dare say the next Session will be marked by strong measures—or at least attempted measures. It is somewhat singular that just now between the election and commencement of Parliament, a great change has been effected among the expenses of the Royal Family, &c., as far as to two to their receipts from the public money. As the Queen is my country, I give you the most private particulars.

Civil List £385,000
Privy Purse 60,000
Duke of Cambridge 18,000
Duke of Sussex 12,000
Duke of Cumberland 6,000
Princess Augusta (aunt) 3,000
Princess Sophia (aunt) 3,000
Duchess of Inverness 6,000
Princess Elizabeth 3,000
Princess Agnes Adelaide 3,000
Duchess of Kent, Queen's mother 30,000
Total £529,000

The above are simply personal payments, and do not include numerous Palaces, and the Lord Steward's, Lord Chamberlain's, Master of the Horse's, &c., separate payments and parts of establishments. These, I dare say, add half a million more to the expenditures of the Revenue and Household Funds.

The rate applied £529,000
Such publications as I have quoted, however popular or emphatic, impress upon the minds of the masses of the people, especially at a time when they are in a state of excitement, and are prepared for such an changeness of economy and popular rights and more especially when thousands upon thousands are out of employment, and are prepared by Southey, at his point of "Wat Tyler."

What matters me who wears the crown I trow,
Whether I pay to Richard or to Hugh?
They reap the gain that by the people sow.

Agitation in France. In that kingdom the seditious portends an ill greater than that in England, and therefore greater and more extraordinary precautions are taken for the protection of Louis Philippe. His palace is occupied by two thousand soldiers, and the avenues are strongly entrenched with loaded arms, keep night and morning the night; while his very life is at the attendance and threatened with assassination. Sentinels are placed in the apartments every night with double barrelled guns, and a secret passage leads from the palace to the ancient prison of the Bastile, in order to enter the palace at any moment.

The commercial world is in a state of tribulation on account of the numerous and immense failures among the principal firms of the kingdom. Most of these, we shall probably hear, will compound, and be resuscitated, the mass of the failing colossal trunks in the panic produced, that number has been so much exceeded, that the fear of the bankers is, that their losses must be small in trust, and those who want money are not to credit. The causes of this I do not understand.

The fall in flour and breadstuff.

The money speculations are much absorbed by the railway speculations and mania.

The great confusion in the Railway Share Market.

The enormous sums of Russian and other foreign gold now at Ostend, almost as low as the continent, has naturally created a great depression in all sorts of property, and of course in securities on all such property. Those, too, loans that had not completed the sum of £5,000,000 sterling, as also the island of Mauritius, failed, owing to the depression of said securities, and that every State will have to patronize them to raise funds enough to prop their falling fortunes. And as with others from similar causes, the Bank of England will have to issue hundreds of shares, cannot be auctioned or sold accordingly we find that public meetings have been held in Manchester and other towns in favour of suspending all calls and further production of the wealth on cotton, &c., always for the present. But I am to consider. This panic will pass away—for after all, is the railway and other mania, the wealth invested in them will not be lost, to be distributed amongst the many, while the losses have developed this important fact, namely

That several of the Railway Companies, "Companies," that have recently gone by the board, are now known to have been actually insolvent for many years past, and that their affairs have been upheld by false credit. When the storm has expended its fury, the atmosphere will be clearer, to few comparatively.

Tom Moore, the poet, is said to be engaged on an epic on the subject, Ireland, and Ireland's Poet Regret, the basket, the three years ago, was offered £5,000 in bank notes, and £1,000 in gold, but had the whole or the greater part of the money had been stopped at the Bank of England returned to him on a pound, as through the Parcels Delivery Company." The gold was, of course, less circulated by the honest Tartars. During the several negotiations for the Queen's Marriage, the receiving barrister heard that G. K. was gone to America. "Oh!" said he, "what is nothing new—a duke," and he declined to receive the money at the register. The editor of the Cathedral Observer, in attending the fair, adds: "I was on a journeying house and Liverpool, and I was told The head of the firm had not received his American letters, and on reading over the letters, he handed to his son, quietly observing,—'You had better go out: you'll settle the matters more rapidly in person than by letter.' The young man put on his hat, and sets off to America with his carpet bag the same day. The learned gentlemen, therefore, thought it quite unnecessary to write the letter off the regiment, merely because he had gone to America. Mercury Parliament has returned to England from Egypt and dane, and—

Some have returned to the festival of All Saints Rock enchantment, of brilliant colors, are all the rage for autumnal dresses in Paris. The Duke of Buckingham, having outrun the excitable money of his affects in his embrace have been taken in possession by his creditors. The journals say that his Majesty's debts amount to the near little sum of £1,500,000. His pictures, furniture, plate and wines are worth about £100,000—but as the Duke's real estates were settled upon his ancestors and their heirs *forever*—why the creditors are likely to come out (as they say in a certain great republic) as the "little end of the horn." So much for the feudal laws and customs of primogeniture! Two suicides of Frenchmen of rank at Baden-Baden, caused by gambling, have created a great sensation at that task of cards and dice—and it is hoped that these events will lead to a breaking up of the Hells there. The Rev. Dr. Wiseman, returned from Rome, charged by the Pope to organize a regular Catholic Hierarchy in England, similar in form to that of the former times, and at present in Ireland. The Bishops are to have English titles—but not the same as to the Church of England. Thus, there may be a Bishop of Liverpool and a Bishop of Birmingham, Nottingham, &c. Hitherto Catholic Bishops were merely titular, such as Bishops of Olena, Thermopylæ, &c. A large steam frigate for the Sultan of Turkey, built by White, of Cowes, has been sent to Constantinople, and the successor of Mahomet expressed himself highly delighted with the vessel. It is said that he has ordered a large addition of steamships for the navy of Turkey. The Messrs. White, of Cowes, also expressed themselves highly delighted. By the way, the Coroner of London has given an excellent practice of holding coroner's inquests, to inquire into the origin and causes of fires: and it is reported that since he has done so, that the fires are not near so frequent. Worth while to adopt the practice in American cities?

Talking of financial affairs, I observe that the Robert Peel has publicly declared that taxes to the amount of £8,000,000 have been repealed since 1841. There were all taxes more or less onerous, while the Income Tax is only on the rich. This is as it should be. Adopted, the rich manufacturers who fell down dead the other day while addressing a public meeting, employed 1,000 persons regularly. I am sorry to see that several events have recently been robbed on the Western Coast of Ireland, and the Government has sent a war-steamer to cruise off there, for the protection of commerce. There are but 300,000 voters in all France! Do they out of 35,000,000 of people, or really one in 100 voters out of 34,000,000 of people, or really one in 100 voters out of 34,000,000 of people, is really the whole number of voters in France. Not by many years old. The Count de Paris here to the Duchess, is only nine years old. The present Duke of Paris, Who for twenty years had possession of Paris's title the next world, has been turned out of office, and he is now out with a numerical against the authorities, charging them with indifference and want of feeling and ingratitude—neglectful of suffering and distress. Duchess of Sutherland has been fined and imprisoned for anti-nobility sentiments on the French members, but the editor of the Democratique, guilty of the same thing, has contrived to get out of the scrape. The truth is—the Democratique party of the same thing, but contrived to get out of the scrape. The truth is—the Democratique party of the same thing, but for instance, are fast bringing the French nobleman into contempt. Thorwaldsen's statue of Byron has been placed in the Trinity College, Cambridge. The Wesleyans are rather decreasing in the country—the members in 1841 are 340,000. Sir Walter Lockhart has taken the literary property of Scott, so that we have now nothing Sir Walter Scott, and not money nothing.

Clippings.

☞ The paper currency of Massachusetts and New York, is offered in a ratio of about fourteen per cent. more than it was even in "the year of plenty"—that is 1835.

☞ Santa Anna being asked if he had any property, said, "Mr. Taylor and myself are poor. Yes, I have kept up a running account with both of them."—*Boston Post.*

☞ Mr. Nathaniel Hamlin, of Woodstock, Me., married out-maids on the 16th ult., at Norway, Me. He was a minister in consequence of which he was a minister in consequence of which he was a minister in consequence of which he

Selected Poetry.

OUR FLIGHT WITH LOUIS PHILIPPE.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

Cord up thy bales, old Lemon, and look alooud with me,
Nay; cheerly not hard—I know it—there are merry sights to see.
'Twas but late that with a Minister o'er London town I flew.
And now, mine ancient gentleman, I have a flight for you.

I showed him the work of centuries, I'll show him the work of years;
He hated the cry of poverty, but shall mark a mon arch's tears.
I lured for him the lion, for them I'll open palace gates;
The lower perked in streets for him, I'll probe for them in states.

Up, hearty weight of kingship! Up, heavy weight of sin!
Or must I tip thy pockets, before one flight begin?
No need with silver freighted, on voyage like ours may go;
No eye that's sealed with golden scales can see the sights I show.

One come the dozen tumbling—out come dollar and dollarinos—
Now for the five-franc pieces—we shall shoot skyward soon—
Now, down with that dotation; down with it—how good-bye!
We're right at last! So—clutch me fast! How merrily we fly!

We've left Paris far behind us—on the broad wings of the breeze—
Those glimmering peaks—dost know them? Those are the Pyrenees.
Nay, pause not over Burgos; there's cold welcome from the Cid,
Now southward turn—and lo, where burn the dim lights of Madrid!

Look not sadness, but become a glance at yonder palace room;
Dark all, both hall and heart of him that dwells there in his gloom.
So heavenly clad, and yet so sad—no wan—no lonely waking!
And yet no widower is he, but the husband of thy making.

Art there looking for the wedded wife whare wedded wife should lie,
In the bosom of her husband? 'Twas the worst in days gone by!
Not there—not there. Trace yonder stair, to a chamber her far apart;
Where sits the wife, a widow's life, and a widow's world her heart.

Oh, work well done! Prime heavenly won! And where's the fool to run it?
Then hail prime! Marquessate o Jower! and broker two hearts to do it!
Come up that door; then add he power, to say wedding-ring and be free!
What man of business reckons hearts on the pa-rentie side?

Now left and right, look through the sash—new Grand and Pavilion working—
Now present arms and throw wars in rotten Cabinets lurking.
See Lane inside in stars arrayed, that mock the weaver's fracture.
See old Truth—if they cause see her, through the foul crowd of thy creatures!

And now look down on Italy, that stretch from her sovereign
Which France let, look through the sash—new Grand and Pavilion working—